

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH

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### Choice Poetry.

#### TURN ME GENTLY.

Turn me gently when I'm dying,  
Gently turn me to the soil,  
Let me see the last ray fading,  
That shall mark my journey run;  
When the pulse has ceased its beating,  
And my limbs are growing cold,  
Dress me in my Sunday wardrobe  
And my arms across me fold.

Place me in a modest casket,  
Color white my choice would be,  
Unadorned by costly fixture,  
Close the lid and turn the key;  
Bear me to some quiet graveyard,  
Where my resting place shall be,  
If it please thee, brother stranger,  
O'er my body plant a tree.

Plant an evergreen with branches  
Tending upward to the sky,  
Emblem unto all who pass it,  
That the soul will never die;  
Or instead a weeping willow  
With its twigs bent to the ground,  
Which will tell my body slumbers  
In the dust beneath the mound.

In my larval house you follow  
On a gentle rise or steep,  
Lay my head toward the summit,  
Just as if I were asleep;  
Raise a marble slab not costly,  
With its letters chiseled deep,  
Record plain to all who read them,  
When, and where, I fell asleep.

Sweetly there my form will slumber,  
In the lap of Mother Earth,  
Slumber, while the precious spirit,  
Which is of such priceless worth,  
Soars aloft to meet those loved ones,  
Loved ones gone asleep before,  
Cross the chilly stream of Jordan,  
Never to be parted more.

Sweetly in the grave so lowly,  
Let me rest where all is calm,  
Where vain hopes and fond delusions  
And life's ills can do no harm,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling  
And the weary are at rest,  
There I long to dwell forever,  
Dwell forever with the blest.

#### IN MY LARVAL HOUSE YOU FOLLOW

In my larval house you follow  
On a gentle rise or steep,  
Lay my head toward the summit,  
Just as if I were asleep;  
Raise a marble slab not costly,  
With its letters chiseled deep,  
Record plain to all who read them,  
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#### SWEETLY THERE MY FORM WILL SLUMBER

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### MARY MOORE.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life long, too, I had loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a young gentleman in a turkey-red frock and Morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny haired, blue-eyed baby not quite a year old. That young gentleman was myself, Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still I saw myself at the little red school-house, drawing my painted sled up to the door, and arranging my overcoat on it that Mary might ride home. Many a black eye I have gained on such occasions; for other boys liked her beside me, and she, I am afraid was something of a flirt, even in her pinnifere. How daintily she came tripping down the steps when I called her name! how sweetly her blue eyes looked up to me from the envious folds of her winter hood! how gaily her merry laugh rung out when by dint of superhuman exertions I kept her sled before the rest and let her stand upon the steps exultingly to see them all go by! The fairy laugh! No one but Mary could let her heart lay up so upon her lips! I followed that laugh up from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth—I followed it through the heated noon of manhood, and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and call me "Father," I find that music still. When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon me—I was sent away to a western school and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years! This to me, was a sentence of death, for Mary was like life to me. But hearts are very tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed, I had grown into a tall, slender strapping, with very good opinion of myself in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more; I was a sad puppy, I know, but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say the self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and accepting, I gave up ideas of profession and prepared to go to India. In my hurried visit home I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school in Massachusetts and was not expected home till the fall. I gave one sigh to the next fall, one sigh to the memory of my little red playmate, and then called my name again.

I thought, as the stage away from our door, "in a year or the most, I will return, and Mary as she used to be—why then may marry her."

I strolled my budding mustache with complacency, while I scolded the future of a young lady I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not stoop with grateful tears to pick up the hankerchief whenever I chose to throw it at her feet.

But now I know that had Mary met me then she would have despised me. She was as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. Perhaps in the scented and effected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, save a regret that I should make such an unimagined donkey of myself I know she would not.

India was my salvation, not merely because of the plentiful share of gold I had laid up, but because my earnest labor counteracted the evil of nature and made me a better man. And when at the end of three years I prepared to return, I wrote nothing to the dear ones I was about to meet of the reformations which I knew had taken place. "They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find for themselves if I am better worth the loving as I am."

I packed up many a token from that land of gold for the many friends I was to meet. The gift for Mary Moore was one I selected with a beating heart. A ring of rough virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside. That was all, and yet the little toy thrilled me strangely as I balanced it on the tip of my finger. To the eyes of others it was but a small plain circlet suggesting thoughts, by its daintiness, of the dainty white hand that was to wear it. But to me—oh, me, how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome—a happy home and a sweet face smiling there—a group of merry children to climb my knee—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold.

There were four others, inmates of the room, who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and now stood by Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie, Mary Moore's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, where she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure half hidden by the heavy window curtain that fell on the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over Jennie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand. "Welcome home my boy," he said with the loud cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so much I never would have known you—but no matter for that your heart is in the right place I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother, gently. "To be sure he looks older and graver and more like a man than when he went away, but his eyes and his smiles are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still."

God help me! At that moment I felt like a boy and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full handsome face—  
"You have changed too Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh yes thank you for the compliment. My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silent still?  
"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheek. I tell you, Harry, there is not another like her in the United States. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?"

"Very much I feared."

"Hallo!" said Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently, "I had forgotten to introduce you to my wife, I believe you and she used to be playmates in your days. Eh, Harry?" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her one—but mind old fellow, don't repeat the ceremony. Come—here she is, and for once I will manage those notorious mustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, toward me. A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought: "Not Mary!"

It must have betrayed my secrets to every one in the room; but nothing was said— even Frank was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife; and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," said I, in a low voice, "have you alone no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine and murmured hurriedly—  
"I am glad to see you here Harry!"

Simple words—and yet how bliss they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an Emperor's crown. There was the happy home group and the dear home fire and there sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by night and by day were falling before the ardent gaze of mine—and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see, was there before me—more beautiful more womanly and more loving than before! I never knew till that moment the meaning of happiness.

Many years have passed since that happy night and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning gray. I am growing to be an old man and can look back to a long and happy and well spent life. And yet sweet as it has been I would not recall a single day for the love that made my manhood so bright shines in the old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary with her hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow in it is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grow old or change. The heart that held her in infancy and sheltered piously in her flesh and beauty of womanhood can never cease her out till life shall cease to warm it. Not even then, for love still lives in heaven.

THE POWER OF SHELLS.—Several instances occurred during the battle of Shiloh, showing the terrible destructive power of shells. In one place lay five men who appeared to have sheltered themselves behind a tree in order to take better aim at our men. A shell burst just over their heads. One man was struck just on top of the head, and each successive man was struck lower down about the breast and body in regular order. One of the men grasped in one hand a musket, with his cartridge in the other, just in the act of putting the powder in the barrel, another was ramming the cartridge, and the other men engaged in similar occupations when the fatal shell burst. All five were dead.

An Irishman in a time of a revival, joined church, but found to be sinning grievously not long afterwards. "Didn't you join the Methodist?" inquired a piously disposed person. "Faix and I did; I joined for six months, and behaved so well that they let me off with three."

OLD FOLKS.  
Ah! I don't be sorrowful, darling,  
And don't be sorrowful, pray;  
Taking the year together, my dear,  
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,  
Time's waves they heavily run;  
But taking the year together, my dear,  
There isn't more cloud than sun!

We are old folks now, my darling,  
Our heads are growing gray;  
But taking the year all round, my dear,  
You will always find the May!

We have had our May, my darling,  
And our roses long ago;  
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,  
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,  
Of night as well as of day;  
And we feel and know that we can go  
Wherever He leads the way!

Ay, God of the night, my darling—  
Of the night of death so grim;  
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,  
Is the gate that leads to Him.

#### McClellan's New Base.

Its Topography and Geography—Interesting Reminiscences—Why it is called "Classy Ground" and "Saced Soil"—the possessors of the land once rich now poor, &c.

Directly opposite the old Harrison Mansion lives or did live, Edmund Ruffin, Jr., son of the old Ruffin who fired the first gun at Fort Sumter. Ruffin junior had a beautiful place when I was there some years ago, surrounded by a belt of forest trees upon the bluff, which is eighty or a hundred feet above the river, which is here about a mile wide. The view from the top of the house was a beautiful one, overlooking the river and the old Harrison plantation, and several others. From the same spot there must now be a panoramic view of McClellan's camp; and if the rebels are allowed the opportunity to erect batteries upon Ruffin's farm—entirely masked as they would be—shells could be easily dropped upon the lower ground on the east side.

The Ruffin farm is a very large one, having some 700 acres in cultivation. The wheat crop, when I knew the place, averaged 230 acres a year, and produced from 10 to 20 bushels an acre. The crop ranged from 2,600 to 4,700 bushels. There were 60 slaves on the place, whose labor and the application of man had raised the place from its condition of an old worn out cotton plantation to this condition of fruitfulness. If its stores of corn and wheat, meat, vegetables and fruit are applied to the use of our army, one rebel will have to pay a fair proportion of his war tax.

There are many other large farms along the west side of James river, from City Point though generally hidden from the river by high bluffs and forests, which will undoubtedly be infested by guerrillas who can annoy vessels as they did last year along the Potomac.

Thirty miles below City Point there are immense plantations, owned by the Harrison family, for more than 200 years. I rode six or seven miles through cultivated fields all in one enclosure.

Below the Harrison plantation lies the Organ estate, inherited some years ago by Wm. Allen, who then became the greatest landowner in Virginia. There were 14,000 acres in the home farm, and 26,000 acres beside, including James Island and old Jamestown, and Berkley, the Gen. Harrison place where the army is now encamped. He took with the land some seven or eight hundred slaves, but as they could not work a quarter of the land it has grown up to forest.

The object of his ancestor was to drive off all white population to accomplish which he bought all the small farms surrounding him, and made a desert of them. That is real slaveholding policy. Republican policy would be honestly applied in using the crops of this place for present needs, and in reconverting the land to the use of men instead of wild beasts.

Directly opposite lies the great Sandy Point estate, formerly owned by Robert H. Eolling, of Petersburg—a very wealthy, intelligent, good man. He sold it to Richard Rappanauk, a very large slaveholder on the Rappanauk, below Fredericksburg.

The Sandy Point plantation embraces the point between the James and Chickahominy, and contains 7,000 acres, and when owned by Boling, had 2,700 acres under cultivation, of which 1,000 acres were annually in wheat, about 550 in corn, 50 in oats, and the remainder in clover, and there were 186 slaves on the place.

This place was the home of the Light-foot family in the ancient days of Virginia splendor, and it has eight miles of navigable shore line, and would be a better location for a large camp than the ground now occupied by the army. It is 70 miles, by water, below Richmond, and 45 by land.

Ten miles towards Richmond, nearly all the way through thick woods, pine and oak, along a narrow, unworked road, I came to the mansion of Ex-President Tyler a long irregular wooden house; standing on a high ground, a mile and a half back from the river, which is nearly hidden by forests which abounds in all this part of the State in its primitive condition. The soil here on the upland is stiff clay, and travelling in a wet time is not done for pleasure.

President Tyler had a good wheat farm of eleven hundred acres—six hundred and fifty cleared—but it was in a wilderness, without a near neighbor except overseers and "poor white trash." The road toward

Richmond, in those days, was simply horrible, and the county seat, at Charles City county, five miles northward, where the Ex-President did his court business, was like many of the capitals of Virginia counties—a capital without houses. It had but one.

Before parting from the dead lion I will give him one kick, by copying and applying to himself an epitaph which I found on the monument erected to the memory of his faithful old horse:

"Here lie the bones of my faithful old horse, General, aged 25 years, who in all his long service never blundered but once. Would that his master could say the same."

Berkley, the place where the army is now encamped, is about a dozen miles from the Tyler place. There are some good farms in the country back from the river, but the great bulk of the land is forest, the country between there and the Chickahominy is comparatively level, clayey soil, with bad roads and inhabited by a miserable-looking people.

The next plantation above "Berkley" is called Westover. All plantations are named and are as well known by name as towns at the North.

Westover was the residence of a Colonel Byrd, whose tomb is in the garden. He built an expensive house of English brick, more than 130 years ago. There was one mantelpiece that cost \$2,800. The house was beautifully located upon the bank of the river, which was walled with brick, and the lawn is enclosed with a brick wall entered by massive iron gates.

The Byrd estate was extensive, but, after being reduced to an area of 1,900 acres of woodland and 500 acres arable—and that run down to starvation point—it passed from the heirs into the hands of John Sheldon, one of the most improving farmers upon James river, who renovated the land and made it productive and beautiful. If he still owns it, I shall regret his fate as that of a personal friend. It seems hardly possible for such a man to be a Seceesh rebel.

The buildings here are very extensive, all built of English brick, consisting of four large houses, beside storehouses and barns and negro houses. The land is clayey loam with a surface gently undulating, and with roads to Richmond, about 25 miles such as I never wish to travel again just at the commencement of winter.

Such are some of the surroundings of the present location of the army of McClellan. It will be a healthy one until the 1st of September. It will be severely sickly then till frosty nights. It is surrounded by a country capable of affording a good deal of food for man and beast if the commander does not consider rebel property to be sacred for such a purpose. We shall see.

#### Address of Jeff. Davis to his Soldiers.

The Memphis Appeal has the following address:

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.  
SOLDIERS: I congratulate you on the series of brilliant victories which under favor of Divine Providence you have lately won, and as the President of the Confederate States I do hereby tender you the thanks of the country whose just cause you have so skillfully and heroically saved.

Ten days ago an invading army, vastly superior to you in numbers and materials of war, closely beleaguering your capital, and vauntingly proclaimed its speedy conquest. You marched to attack the enemy in his intrenchments, and death-dealing valor, you charged upon him in his strong position, drove him from field to field over a distance of more than thirty-five miles, and in spite of his reinforcements, compelled him to seek shelter under cover of his gunboats, where he now lies, covering before the army he so lately derided and threatened with entire subjugation.

The fortitude with which you have borne the trials and privations, the gallantry with which you have entered into each successive battle, must have been witnessed to be fully appreciated, but a grateful people will not fail to recognize your deeds and bear you in loved remembrance.

Well may it be said of you that you have done enough for glory, but duty to a suffering country and to the cause of constitutional liberty claims for you yet further efforts. Let it be your pride to relax in nothing which can promote your own future efficiency, your own great object being to drive the invaders from your soil, carrying your standard beyond the outer boundaries of the Confederacy to bring from an unscrupulous foe the recognition which is the birthright of every independent community.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Friends that are worth having are not made, but "grow" like Topsy in the novel. An old man, on his death bed gave this advice to his sons: "Never try to make a friend. Enemies come fast enough without cultivating the crop, and friends who are brought forward by hot horse expeditions are apt to wilt long before they are ripe."

We find the following "want" in an eastern paper. Is the writer tired of his wife or is he a young physician seeking practice? "Wanted to hire—with or without the privilege of purchasing—a small house or part of a house, with an acre or more land attached to it. A sickly neighborhood preferred. Possession on or before the first day of August next. Address, postage paid," &c.

Democratic State Convention in Ohio.  
The Democracy of Ohio, like their brethren in Pennsylvania, held a convention at their State Capital, on the 4th, which like ours, was the largest gathering of the kind ever assembled in the State. Their platform, like ours, is sound in its support of the Government to crush the rebellion, and, at the same time, the causes of it, Southern Secession and Northern Abolition.

We, therefore, the Representatives of nearly or quite 200,000 voters of the State of Ohio, who have as deep a stake in the welfare of the Country and the preservation of the Union as any other equal number of men, in the exercise of our duty and Constitutional rights, and with the desire of upholding instead of weakening the just powers of our Government, and anxious to unite all men, without regard to their former party associations, who agree with us in opinion and to treat all loyal men who honestly differ from us with becoming respect, do hereby declare our own opinions and those of our constituents as follows:

Resolved, 1. That the Democracy are for the Union.  
2. The Abolitionists alone are forcing party issues on the country.  
3. Denounces the Abolitionists for criticizing the President and the conservatives.  
4. Condemns the letter of John Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, to the President.

5. Is in favor of meeting out merited legal punishment to the plotters of rebellion, but opposes confiscation as unconstitutional and likely to irritate the South, and opposes emancipation as unphilanthropic.  
6. That, entertaining these views, we cannot too strongly condemn the refusal of our General Assembly to prohibit, by law, the immigration of negroes into this State.  
7. That we are opposed to being taxed to purchase the freedom of negro slaves. With all due respect for the opinions of others, we think that such a measure would be unconstitutional, impolitic and unjust.

8. That the unparalleled frauds and speculations upon the Government, revealed by the investigating committees, and otherwise, demand the sternest condemnation of every honest man and friend of the country, and call for the severest punishment prescribed by the laws.  
9. That the patriotism, courage and skill manifested by our armies have never exceeded in the history of the world, and deserve and receive our highest admiration and gratitude.

10. That while we will, as heretofore, discourage all mere factious opposition to the Administration, and will continue to give our earnest support to all proper measures to put down the rebellion, and will make all the allowances that the necessities of the case require of good citizens, we protest against all violations of the Constitution.

11. That we hold sacred, as we do all other parts of that instrument, the following provisions of the Constitution of the United States.  
[Here follow all those amendments to the Constitution known as the Bill of Rights.]  
12. That we view with indignation and alarm the illegal and unconstitutional seizure and imprisonment, for alleged political offenses, of our citizens, without judicial process, in States where such process is unobtainable, but by Executive order, by telegraph or otherwise, and call upon all who uphold the Union, the Constitution and the laws, to unite with us in denouncing and repelling such flagrant violations of the State and Federal Constitutions and tyrannical infringement of the rights and liberties of American citizens, and that the people of this State cannot safely and will not submit to have the freedom of speech and freedom of the press, the two essential bulwarks of civil liberty, put down by unwarranted and despotic exertion of power.

The Republicans have adopted an ingenious plan of getting up a "faux" State Convention. Wherever they can find a renegade Democrat, they elect him a delegate to their convention, with the hope of gulling the public into the belief that a large division of the Democratic party has gone over to the Abolition-Republican party. In Philadelphia a committee of Republican politicians selected delegates to the 17th of July convention, and who do you think were appointed to represent the Democratic element? Why such Democrats as John W. Forney and John C. Knox, who for the past two or three years have been among the most conspicuous haters of Democratic principles and the Democratic organization, to be found in the Commonwealth. The selection of these men is an evidence of the desperate shifts to which the Republicans are driven to procure Democratic decoy ducks. The antecedents and present position of Forney scarcely require notice. Since he sold himself to the republicans he has endeavored to earn his wages by the most vindictive and reckless aspersions of Democratic men, and misrepresentations of Democratic measures. His colleague, John C. Knox, belongs to the same class of treacherous trimmers—Like Forney he was nursed and pined by the Democratic party which he is now endeavoring to destroy. Through the Democratic organization he was made a member of the Legislature, a judge of the Supreme Court and Attorney General of the State. His gratitude for these marks of favor, is shown by his present course. We wish the Republican joy of their distinguished acquisition.—Patriot and Union.

#### Old Horses.

The term old, as applied to horses, is generally intended to convey not only the statement of their age being past marks in the mouth, but also the common impression that comparatively they are of little value if past eight or nine years. Now, if we rightly understand it, the horse has not attained his full growth and perfection of bodily frame, until he has passed his seventh year; and until growth is attained he is just as unfitted for extreme hard labor as a man before arriving at full manhood. In this country, the practice of putting horses to work at two and three years, usually results in their becoming broken down by over-driving or over-straining before they have attained firmness of muscles, and capability for enduring labor. Thus it is, that horses are often, with us, rendered comparatively valueless before they have in truth arrived at an age of full powers and endurance. We have owned a number of horses, and whenever we have had one that had not been injured before arriving at maturity, we have found him more capable of performing regular labor at from ten to fifteen, than those of four to seven years. In our opinion, therefore, judging from observation, we consider the horse in his prime at from nine to thirteen years of age always remembering that previous to his having attained his growth, say seven years, he has not been over-driven, strained, or otherwise injured by reason of high stimulating food of abuse.—Ohio Farmer.

In accordance with the order of the President calling for 300,000 more troops, Gov. Curtin, of this State, has issued a proclamation, and the following general order, setting forth the manner in which Pennsylvania's quota is to be recruited and mustered in:—

1st. Troops will be accepted by squads or companies, as hereinafter indicated, and will as rapidly as possible be organized into companies or regiments.  
2d. Persons proposing to organize companies will be accepted under the following provisions and not otherwise, viz: To be commissioned a Captain, the applicant must have furnished forty or more men who have passed the Surgeon's examination and been mustered into the U. S. service. To be commissioned a 1st Lieutenant, from twenty-five to forty men must have been furnished as above. To be commissioned a 2d Lieutenant, from fifteen to twenty-five men must have been furnished as above.

3d. Transportation to the Central Depot, Camp Curtin, will be furnished on application in person, or by mail, to Capt. J. Dodge, U. S. A., Superintendent of the Volunteer Recruiting Service for Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, to whom report must be made.  
4th. The actual and necessary expenses for boarding and lodging of troops raised under this order will be paid by the United States Disbursing Officer at this post, for a period not exceeding twenty days, at a rate not exceeding forty cts. per day for each man mustered into the service of the United States, or the affidavit of the officer furnishing the men, supported by the receipts of the party to whom the money was paid.

5th. Squads will be organized into companies at Camp Curtin, as rapidly as possible; the companies formed into regiments, field officers appointed and commissioned by the Governor and the regiments immediately placed at the disposal of the War Department.  
6th. As a reward for meritorious conduct, and also to secure valuable military experience, appointments of field officers will be made (except under peculiar circumstances) from men now in active service.

Under a late order from the War Department each new recruit will receive one month's pay in advance immediately on his muster into the service of the United States and joining a regiment already in the field, or if enlisted for a new regiment, on the mustering of his company into the service of the United States. Each new recruit will also receive a bounty of \$25 in advance, to be paid in like manner as his one month's advance pay.

A French paper reports that the Emperor of China recently washed himself, thereby occasioning the greatest consternation among all classes of his subjects. At first it was thought that so daring an innovation would be visited with serious consequences but as soon as it was ascertained that the experiment was only performed as an act of humiliation and personal mortification before the Chinese deity, with the hope of averting the political calamities of the nation, public tranquility was restored.

THE ART OF PRINTING.—A jubilee will soon take place in Vienna in honor of the four hundred years' existence of the art of printing in that city. The first Vienna printer, Ulrich Hann, opened his printing office in 1432, did not succeed, and emigrated to Rome. He was the cause of the Emperor Frederic the Fourth bestowing a privilege on the printers, in the year 1468, which placed them in equal rank with noblemen and scholars, and permitted them to wear a sword.

An editor in the village of Michel, C. W., says: "One little garden patch of ours was profitable last season. The snails eat up the cucumbers; the chickens eat up the cabbages; the neighbors cats eat up the chickens; and now, if we can get hold of something that will eat up the cats, we'll try again."

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